

Enter Prince Iohn, and Westmerland.

Iohn. The heat is past, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Cousin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where have you beene all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake some Gallows back.

Falst. I would bee sorry (my Lord) but it should bee
thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the
reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Ar-
row, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion,
the expedition of Thought? I haue speeded hither with
the very extremest ynch of possibilitie. I haue fowndred
nine score and odde Postes: and heere (trauell-tainted
as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken
Sir Iohn Collesile of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and
valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee saw mee, and
yeelded: that I may iustly say with the hooke-nos'd
fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courtesie, then your defer-
uing.

Falst. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld
him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd, with
the rest of this dayes deedes; or I sweare, I will haue it
in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top
of it (Collesile kissing my foot:) To the which course, if
I be enforce'd, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-shine you
as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Ele-
ment (which shew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleue not
the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right,
and let desert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it doe something (my good Lord) that may
doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name Collesile?

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, Collesile.

Falst. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You should haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou
like a kinde fellow, gau'st thy selfe away; and I thanke
thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

Iohn. Send Collesile, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to present Execution.

Blunt, leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit with Collesile.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)

I heare the King, my Father, is fore sicke.

Our Newes shall goe before vs, to his Maiestie,

Which (Cousin) you shall beare, to comfort him:

And wee with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, giue me leaue to goe

through Gloucestershire: and when you come to Court,

stand my good Lord, pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, Falstaffe: I, in my condition,
Shall better speake of you, then you deserue. Exit.

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better
then your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young so-
ber-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinckes no
Wine. There's neuer any of these demure Boyes come
to any prooue: for thinne. Drinke doth so ouer-coole
their blood, and making many Fish-Meales, that they
fall into a kinde of Male Greene-sicknesse: and then,
when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally
Foolles, and Cowards; which some of vs should betoo,
but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-
fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Braine, dryes
me there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddie Vapours,
which enuiron it: makes it apprehensue, quicke, forge-
tiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable shapies; which
deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the
Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second propertie
of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood:
which before (cold, and fetled) left the Liuer white, and
pale; which is the Badge of Pusillanimitie, and Cowar-
dize: but the Sherris warms it, and makes it course
from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth
the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the
rest of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then
the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muster
me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puff-
vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this
Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon
is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a-work) and
Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till
Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and vse. Hercof
comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood
hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like
leane, stirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and
tyll'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and
good store of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot,
and valiant. If I had a thousand Sonnes, the first Principle
I would teach them, should be to forswear thinne Pot-
tions, and to addict themselves to Sack. Enter Bardolph.

Bard. The Arme is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them goe: He through Gloucestershire,
and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I
haue him already tempering betweene my finger and my
thombe, and shortly will I seale with him. Come away.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Gloucester.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue successfull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctify'd.
Our Nauie is address'd, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well inuested,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wish;
Onely wee want a little personall Strength:
And pause vs, till these Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoke of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maiestie
Shall soone enjoy.

King. Hum-

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Gloucester) where is
the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Wind-

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, Thomas of Clarence, with

him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in presence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing, but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?

Clar. Hee loues thee, and thou dost neglect him (Thomas.)

Thou hast a better place in his Affection, a middest

Then all thy Brothers: cherish it (my Boy) hadst thou

And Noble Offices thou mayst effect

Of Mediation (after I am dead)

Betweene his Greatnesse, and thy other Brethren;

Therefore omit him not: blurt not his Loue,

Nor loose the good advantage of his Grace, being we H

By seeming cold, or carelesse of his willy

For hee is gracious, if hee be obseru'd

Hee hath a Teare for Pitee, and a Hand

Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, hee's flinty

As humorous as Winter, and as sudden,

As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.

His temper therefore must be well obseru'd:

Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,

When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:

But being moodie, giue him Line, and scope;

Till that his passions (like a Whale on ground)

Confound themselves with working: Learnie this Thomas,

And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends;

A Hoop of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:

That the vnited Vessell of their Blood

(Mingled with Venome of Suggestion,

As force, perforce, the Age will poure it in)

Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong

As Aconitum, or rash Gun-powder.

Clar. I shall obserue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windsoor with him (Tho-

mas?)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in Lon-

don.

King. And how accompanied? Canst thou tell

that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continuall fol-

lowers.

King. Most subiect is the fattest Soyle to Weedes:

And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)

Is ouer-spread with them: therefore my grieffe

Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death.

The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe shap

(In formes imaginarie) thy vnguided Dayes,

And rotten Tymes, that you shall looke vpon

When I am sleeping with my Ancestors.

For when his head-strong Riot hath no Curb,

When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counsaillors,

When Meanes and lawfull Manners meete together;

Oh, with what Wings shall his Affections flye

Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:

The Prince but studies his Companions,

Like a strange Tongue: whereto, to gaine the Language,

'Tis needfull, that the most immodest words

Be look'd vpon, and learn'd.

King. Your Highnesse knowes, e

But to be knowie, and ha

The Prince will, in the per

Cast off his followers: an

Shall as a Patterne, or a M

By which his Grace must

Turning past-euils to adu

King. 'Tis seldom, when

In the dead Carrion.

Enter W

Who's heere? Westmerla

West. Health to my Sou

Added to that, that I am to

Prince Iohn, your Sonne, do

Mowbray, the Bishop, Ser

Are brought to the Correc

There is not now a Rebels

But Peace puts forth her O

The manner how this Acti

Here (at more leysure) may

With euery course, in his p

King. O Westmerland, th

Which euer in the haunch

The lifting vp of day.

Enter K

Looke, heere's more newe

Har. From Enemies, k

And when they stand again

As those that I am come to

The Earle Northumberland

With a great Power of En

Are by the Sherife of York

The manner, and true orde

This Packet (please it you

King. And wherefore sh

Make me sicke?

Will Fortune neuer come v

But write her fate words f

Shee cyther giues a Stoma

(Such are the poore, in heal

And takes away the Stoma

That haue abundance, and

I should reioyce now, at th

And now my Sight fayles,

O me, come neere me, now

Glo. Comfort your Ma

Clar. Oh, my Royall Fat

West. My Soueraigne L

vp.

War. Be patient (Prince

Are with his Highnesse ver

Stand from him, giue him

Hee le straight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot

Th'incessant care, and labor

Hath wrought the Mure, th

So thinne, that Life looks

Glo. The people feare m

Vnfather'd Heires, and loat

The Seasons change their

Had found some Moneths

Clar. The Riuer hath th

And the old folke (Times

Say it did, fo, a little time

That our great Grand-fire